

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noly World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1892.

NUMBER 38.

The Greatest Effort

— OF —
OUR LIVES!

— IN THE —
History of Lexington!

Louis & Gus Straus'

Display of Spring Clothing

Every Department Overflowing to its utmost capacity. This is not a catch-penny sale of any kind, but good honest values and qualities at fair prices. During the coming week we will display full lines of Men's and Boys' Clothing—representing the leading and best manufacturers in the United States and Europe. We will forfeit our reputation of thirty years' standing in Lexington. We have never failed to keep our promises heretofore.

That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$5.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$10.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$15.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$20.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$25.

OUR : MERCHANT : TAILORS : DEPARTMENT
Is the finest in the United States. Our Outfitters and Workmen are first-class artists. We are doing the largest business we have ever done. Come and make your selections early.

L. & G. STRAUS.
LEADING CLOTHIERS AND FINE TAILORS.
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

"HITCH YO' HOSS OUTSIDE."

A Story Illustrating Why the Negroes Are Voting Democratic.

While being allowed the other day by a colored barber, it seemed to me he was more than usually loquacious. Whether from my haysed appearance, he sized me up for what I really was—a country editor from the South—I don't know; but he at once plunged into politics. He plied question upon question, which, with native courtesy, I answered in monosyllables. Finally he asked me if I could tell him why it was so many of his colored brethren in the South were voting the Democratic ticket; if I knew from personal observation that such was the case, and how they had caught onto the fact that the Republican party was only using the colored man because he had a vote, supplementing his question with the explanation that he was the president of a colored Democratic club in Philadelphia.

I saw that the only chance to save myself from being questioned to death was to do the talking myself; so I answered his questions by telling him a story which Randolph Tucker told on Gen. William Mahone, the Republican leader of Virginia and the colored man's friend.

There was once an old before-the-war negro from Petersburg, Mahone's home, named Alexander Macdonald Talliferro, called for short Rastus. Talliferro. This old man was a strong believer in Mars Abe Lincoln, and swore by Mars Billy Mahone, though he had never received his "forty acres and a mule." The old man died and was buried, but the day after he came back to earth and went to his old master to borrow a mule. Astonished, the master asked the old fellow:

"Why, Rastus, what are you doing here?" "What's the matter with you that you want a mule?" This is the old darkey's story:

"Well, Mars George, I'll tell you de traf, kase I's sho you'll understand Rastus as you has always; it is dis yer way: I got dail, and I walked up de steep road to de great big pile of hay and ofah I rang de bell kich I set down, kase I was mighty tired. A big voice from inside said: 'Whose dat out dyah?' Says I: 'Mars Peter, please, sah, hit me.' 'Whose me?'"

"Dan you know me, Mars Peter? I's Uncle Rastus Talliferro, and I hopes you is well and dat angels, an' I wants to get in for to see de place whar my ole mistus tole me if I was good when I died I'd be made some like she, white as de driving snow, an' haws like an angel. I's come mighty far and hopen I has been good nuff; so please Mars Peter let de ole nigger in."

"Whar' you from?" says he. "Petersburg," says he. "Den you know Billy Mahone," says he.

"I dose; he's a great fren' of de colored people," says he. "Well, he died dis mornin' an' I suppose he'll be sheng soon. P'rhaps he'll help you to get he."

"In case he will," says I. "Is you mounted, Rastus?" says he. "Mounted?"

"Yes, did you ride on your mule?" "No, sah; kase I haven't got a mule." "Well," says he, "I guess you can't come in less you're mounted, so good day, Rastus."

I was powerful sorry an' I picked up my lucky an' started down de road, for I was feelin' uncommon sad and down in de mouf, when all of a sudden I comes right up against Mars Billy Mahone, walking wid de head high up, same like he used to do in wh time, wid his bean spankin' ne uniform of sojers color, an' a solid pole sword at his side.

"Hello, Rastus," says he, "whar's you from?"

"Mornin', Mars Billy, I's bin to headen and Mars Peter wouldn't lemme in 'bout I was mounted, so I've gwine back to borrow a mule from Mars George, but maybe you kin help me. You's always been de nigger's fren, and you better to'n back yo' self and get one of dem fine hosses you use to ride on; Petersburg an' you kin keep it as your own."

He kinder look thoughtful an' I know'd he projetin' kase Mars Billy has de reputation of bein' awful cute. Den he smiled and said: "I'll tell you whar Rastus, we'll fool ole Sent Peter; you get down on your knees an' I'll ride you home fashion right in, an' once we're in we can't be put out. See?"

"Well, I telt that was most cunnin' an' I downed on my huckers, and Mars Billy he got rise on an' says, 'Gid' up, ole hoss! I telt you, my ole marrow bones dis broke!' But we went rise up, and he golden gate, an' my heart was gwine de dunekerly dunst against my ole ribs, kase I was sho' Mars Billy an' me was gwine rise in."

Rap! Rap! Rap! on the gate.

"Whose dat?"

"Gen. William Mahone, of Furginia."

"Is yer mounted, gin' it?"

"Yes."

"Well, jes' hitch yo' hoss outside an' come right in."

He jes' walked rise in and nevah said a word. I mithe know dey wouldn't hab huminat in heaven, an' now I come to think of it, I spec Mars Billy knowed dat, too. 38, Mars George, you'll leg de ole nigger a mule, and you kin send one of de boys up after him when I hitch him outside, an' when I git in I'll tell all de niggers war I know, an' dey won't vote for de 'Publian ticket no mo."

The first sight of the planet Mars through an observatory telescope is almost terrifying, even for a person of good nerves. It is as if one saw the whole earth, with its icy poles, as a solid globe floating over head. One distinguishes clearly the dark blue sea and the brilliant, many hued dry land—and on this dry body of a multitude of lakes, bays, gulfs, streams and canals.

Among the great men of the world blue eyes always predominated. Socrates, Locke, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon, and Renan all had blue eyes. The eyes of Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow are also of this color, and all the presidents of the United States except General Harrison enjoyed the same cerulean color as to their optics.

The Vienna Academy of Sciences is about to publish the Etruscan ritual book which was discovered in the wrappings of a mummy last year by Prof. Krall. This book is the only survivor of the famous Etruscan literature of divination and ritual of which we hear so much in the Latin classics, especially in Cicero and Livy.

Referring to the finds or remains of extinct animals, none is more curious than that of finding the antlers and bones of an elk, 108 feet below the surface, in a shaft that was being sunk on a ledge near New Bridge, Ore., this season. They were found imbedded in a stratum of gravel.

Brazil nuts are the seeds that lie in large spherical pods, each of which contains from sixteen to twenty-four nuts. Once they have been taken out of the pod it is an utter impossibility to fit them in again, nature has packed them so tightly.

William L. Looser, a Berkus county (Pa.) shoemaker, has just completed a pair of high topped boots for himself that were made entirely from his leg skin. This peculiar leather is so tough that it can scarcely be cut with a knife.

Without opening a single additional seam, there is probably enough coal in view in New South Wales to enable 10,000,000 tons to be put out annually for several years to come. This amount is more than double the present production.

Tippensalem is the name of a town in Oklahoma. Tippensalem was the happy compromise between the place Tippens and another who desired to call it Jerusalem.

The presidential electors met at Frankfort last week and cast their vote for the Democratic ticket.—They elected Capt. F. C. Biddle, of Bourbon county, to take the official vote of the state to Washington.

Over seven hundred telegraph operators on Western railroads are out on a strike. They want better pay and better hours for work, and the railroads refused to have anything to do with them.

It is a singular coincidence that the United States collectors of internal revenue at Ogden, Utah, and Lincoln, Neb., are both from Farmington, Maine, and both named Norton.

The new iron monuments being placed on the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico are seven feet in height and weigh about 800 pounds. They are laid five miles apart.

MONTHLY CROP REPORT

Of Commissioner of Agriculture, Labor and Statistics.

FRANKFORT, KY., Dec. 5, 1892.—

Since my report in October our state has been blessed with rains, which were very much wanted for the growing wheat crop, and for stock water, and in many places for drinking water. There is a marked difference in the appearance of the wheat fields. Some of the fields which were sown in September, the wheat did not come up until after the rains, ten days ago. There has been fully as large an acreage of wheat sown as there was in 1891, although the price has ruled very low all through the season. The supply seems to be greater than the demand. The remedy will have to be—as it has been in the planting of cotton—a reduction in the acreage and the production brought down to a nominal demand. The per cent, as to the number of acres sown this year as compared to last year is 90.

Corn.—The crop is being cribbed, and the yield is hardly coming up to expectation—the quality and quantity hardly so good as last year, there being a great deal of light, chaffy corn. The crop has had much to contend with from the commencement of the season. The injurious factors were first a cold, wet spring, then a very bad "stand," and next, the hot, dry winds in June, and lastly, the long and continued drought. The report of the agricultural department, from the statistics of October and November, places the average yield of corn in the United States at 24.04 bushels per acre. The average yield in Kentucky is 26 bushels per acre. The German government is making experiments with our corn, and considering its adoption as a food for the German army. If it should be adopted as an army food, our exports of corn will rapidly surpass those of wheat, and the raising of corn will, therefore, become more profitable than that of wheat.

Tobacco.—In answer to questions sent out to our correspondents last month, it is found that the average price of tobacco has advanced, and is now ruling at 8 1/2¢. The yield, estimated by the same correspondents, is placed at 88% as compared to last year.

Cattle.—The number of cattle being fed as compared with 1891 is 85%. The condition is also not so good, and is estimated at 91%. The secretary of agriculture reports that the cattle disease known as pleuro pneumonia has disappeared, and that this is the only country in the world where the disease, having once gained a foothold, has been entirely eradicated.

Hogs.—The number of hogs fed as compared with 1891 is 88%, and the condition is 96%.

Irish Potatoes.—The yield of this crop is not so good as last year, and the average yield per acre is placed at 67 bushels. The average market price is 55¢ per bushel.

Seed Potatoes.—The yield is about the same as last year, and is estimated at 69 bushels per acre, while the price is 65¢ per bushel.

Hay.—The yield in hay has been fair this season, and the price is slightly above ordinary years, being \$9.50 per ton. This is probably owing to a scarcity of fall grass, which is reported from many of the correspondents. Respectfully,

NICHOLAS McDOWELL, Commissioner.

Stanton P. Allen, the author of the new war book, "Down in Dixie," just issued, was a private in a cavalry regiment during the late war, after that a newspaper man, and has now entered the ministry and is doing missionary work in a secluded corner of the Andromedes.

An essay written by Robespierre, in a competition for a prize in 1786, has just been discovered in manuscript at a paper mill. The subject is "Crime."

If we could penetrate the earth's surface to a distance of two miles, we would find the place where water could not exist except in the state of steam.

"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not good, it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than kero.

Look for this lamp. The Rochester. If the lamp dealer has not the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 3,000 varieties from the largest lamp store in the world.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

ABSOLUTELY CURES SPLINTS SPRAINS WIND PAINS

QUINNS OINTMENT

REMOVES BURNS

W. B. KIDBY & CO., WHITEHALL, N. Y.

JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10

Mr. J. L. Case, (Hickory Grove Farm, home of Jay-Eye-See) writes, W. B. K.: "After trying every other remedy, I removed a large bunch of two years standing, from a 3 year old boy, with three applications of QUINNS OINTMENT."

It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all horsemen.

We have hundreds of such testimonials.

Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, send us the stamp or silver for trial box.

W. B. KIDBY & CO., WHITEHALL, N. Y.

TRY IT.

Furniture, Carpets and Rugs!

THE TOPICS OF THE DAY! Men are talking about who shall be the next President, Tariff Reform, &c., but the ladies are talking of the Fine Furniture and how cheap they can buy it from

Geo. W. Robinson, . . . Campton, Ky.

I have just added to my stock of General Merchandise the largest and most complete line of Furniture ever brought in this country, and will make prices as low as can be had at Winchester or Lexington. No name and get goods and get prices before buying elsewhere. Truly yours, GEO. W. ROBINSON.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, ILL. KY.

SAFELY GARNERED.

"Was not your only child?" asked I.
"My only one," the answer I heard.
And yet he spoke without a sigh.
Without a touch of grief or pride.
He said the words with quiet smile.
I paused, and wondered for awhile.
I marvelled at that quiet tone.
In which he spoke of sorrow lay.
And thought of dangers of my own.
Of laughing faces gay.
And yet not one amongst all there.
Not one, I felt, that I could spare.
"You are not grieved for me," said he.
"Your little ones are not more blessed."
This darling child, so dear to me.
Has entered into rest.
And the joys that never fade.
The death for eyes no more to grieve."
I saw him raise his eyes and hand
Up to the quiet summer skies—
Up to the airless, better land.
To where his little soul has fled.
Where with smiling feet.
She trod the City's wondrous street.
"Your little ones," he still went on.
"May live to feel the love and care.
But where my little has gone.
Thank God, no pain is there."
No shade to dim the merry eyes.
In the deep calm of Paradise.
"The coming years will change things;
Your little ones will older grow.
But she is still the little girl
I had so long ago.
Forever, in the higher plane.
She'll beat the door and changeless face."
"Too true!" Down here the years roll on.
And hearts grow barren and defiled.
She beats the door the little one—
The pure heart of a child—
No deeds that he need wish undone.
A very blameless little one.
I took the picture up again.
Too late, too late those childish eyes.
Too dim and sorrow with the pain
That in this world lies.
Too free from sin the merry years.
Too shadow with the toll of years.
"We strive and argue here below
Of mysteries beyond our ken.
But she, my little one, has known
The things that puzzle men.
To this young child they have been clear
For many and for many a year.
O child whose feet have trod that strand
Beyond the river's restless tide.
Speaks to us of the Fatherland.
To light life on the other side.
To guide us where they first have trod.
Up to the unknown home of God."
—Lillian Clayton, in Ladies Home Journal.

STELLA'S OPPORTUNITY.

HAT is the matter, Stella? You look as if some misfortune had happened to you."
"I am discouraged," I said.
"What? You? I didn't suppose you ever could be that; and I don't see any reason why you should be. I'm sure if I were getting fifteen dollars a week in a steady situation, with hours only from nine till five, I should think the world very charming!"
The last speaker was a slender, delicate woman, in her early twenties, and the work on her lap, and lying about, betrayed her occupation to be that of an addressor. She sighed as she spoke, and did not stop her busy stitching while she talked.
"I know, dear," said Stella, ruefully, "it does seem ungrateful in me to find fault with my position, but then I am not so good and patient as you; and then, too, I am constantly seeing men advanced while I stand still. With a salary is the same now that it was two years ago; yet during that time almost every clerk in Mr. Crulshank's office has been promoted, and there isn't one of them who is not more faithful or clever than I. They have had chances to show their capabilities; I have not. Mr. Crulshank treats me nicely—that is, he is courteous, and all that—but he never expects anything of me beyond my daily round of taking shorthand notes of his letters and instructions, and then typewriting them. I and, indeed, that he gives me no more important of this sort of work to do, because I make so few mistakes; but that is as far as I get, and it doesn't satisfy me. My father was a man who advanced rapidly, and would have become wealthy had he lived longer, I am like him in energy and will, and I think too, in clear business perceptions."
While Stella was talking she was walking about the room putting away a few things and getting ready to go out.
"Your chance will come, Stella. It must—your father has grounded yourself as well, and are always so ready for every emergency. I think if you were asked to go to Alaska to-night you could be off before I could get my mind made up, and while I am waiting to take a trunk, you could go with only a grip-sack!"
Stella laughed. "Yes, I suppose I

could, for I am always well and strong, and don't need to carry both thick clothes and thin, to be prepared for all changes of weather, or to burden myself with an alcohol lamp, a hot water bag, and all the rest of the traps that would be absolutely necessary for a frail little thing like you. Really, Kitty, I am ashamed at having been for a moment discouraged when I look at you and see how hard you work and remember what you have to contend against, and all without a murmur." So saying, the tall girl bent to kiss her companion's pale cheek and turned with quick, firm steps to go to the office, where she was always on time—not a moment too soon or too late.
Arrived at the office of the great Anglo-American Polygraph Insurance Company, Stella was surprised by the presence of Mr. American host of the firm, who usually by no means manifested the promptness which he required of his subordinates. He sat forward in his chair, his elbows resting on his desk, the tips of his fingers of both hands pressed tightly together, as he held them erect and slightly waving in the air before his face, his white bearing that of a man who is braving an indignity which he is striving to control.
Stella had removed her hat and short walking jacket, when her arm stopped, as if petrified, with hat in hand, half way toward the hatrack. Mr. Crulshank was saying:
"I find that the proxies, which I must have for the directors' meeting in Chicago, on December second, are not likely to get here unless I send some one expressly to fetch them. In order to do it the messenger must start in an hour's time, go to Liverpool, London, Paris, and Edinburgh, and return in the fastest steamer which leaves Liverpool on December eighth, and is due here on the fifteenth. Will you go, Tracy?"
"I can't possibly, sir," said the man addressed. "If you had only told me last night—"
"That will do. Last night is a dead dog," Mr. Crulshank said.
"I could take to-morrow's steamer, sir."
"Too late! Fraser, what to hinder you?" Mr. Crulshank was waving his hands violently by this time.
"Nothing," said Fraser.
"Only 'only' never gets there! You, Johnson!"
"My wife is sick, sir, and I cannot leave her."
Mr. Crulshank looked rapidly around the room, glancing at the clock where the minute hand seemed to move with a terrible velocity. Apparently he did not like Stella, and yet his eyes rested on her for a fraction of a second in their rapid sweep, so he was greatly surprised when she stepped quickly forward saying in her low, clear voice:
"May I go?"
The man looked sharply up into her face, and his eyes cleared.
"Think you can? All right! I'll send down a carriage for you. My carriage is at the door now. Jump into it, go home and get your traps, and drive down to the pier as fast as possible. I will meet you there with written instructions and some English money. You have just one hour and five minutes."
While he had been speaking Stella had been reaching her hat and gloves, and she was out of the door by the time the last word was spoken. A few moments later she was in the room she had so lately left, exclaiming:
"My dear, dear, dear! Kitty! I start for England in an hour!"
Kitty rose hastily. "What can I do to help you?" she asked, her face flushing with generous pleasure.
"Nothing," replied Stella, "only to write and let my mother know, and don't work yourself into a fit of sickness before I get back."
While talking, Stella was putting into her satchel a few toilet articles, a

healthy complexion; and so was the little hat of dark blue velvet with a bunch of gold acorns, which rested firmly on her abundant curls of chestnut hair. She looked alert, but much calmer and cooler than her employer.
"Yes," he said, as if answering some unspoken objection, "I think you'll do it, and if you do, I'll—" Apparently he was about to promise something, but thought better of it.
"I will do it," she said firmly, without leaving the conclusion of Mr. Crulshank's sentence, while a rich glow mounted to her cheek, and the light of courage and self-reliance came into her eyes.
"Yes, I think you will. I've watched you a good while, and I know that you have social tact and sound business judgment. You may depend upon it, that, though I probably should not have thought of you, had you not offered, I should not have accepted of you to go had I not already known your qualities and qualifications. In this envelope you will find full instructions, but, of course, your success will depend on as you make of them. Good by." And shaking her hand cordially, Mr. Crulshank ran off the gong-pull at the last moment.
Notwithstanding the season, the weather was pleasant during most of the voyage, and Stella passed much time in deck, enjoying to the full the bracing air and the sense of freedom from care of every sort. She knew that she had been intrusted with an important matter. She must secure, and

"It's all right," he said, reassuringly. "The best typewriter and stenographer in the city will be given her. I'll be sure to be a big advance. See?" And he showed a cable dispatch from the chief of the London office, recommending that "Miss Hargrave be promoted to the place of second assistant in the New York office, with a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year."
For the first time Stella felt frightened. Her good fortune seemed too good to be true.
"But," she stammered, "are you sure this is right? Have I earned it? Shall you not be sorry?"
"Yes, you have indeed earned it," Mr. Crulshank said, smiling. "A woman who does as well as a man is worth as much as a man. You have always done, in the most thorough manner, everything you have been asked to do, and you have been promoted to go down the stairs, to home, now and take a week's rest. You are more tired than you know."
"I am not tired," she answered, "but I would like to go home and tell my mother and father that I am going to be a stenographer." She said to herself: "It shall go hard if I am not able, before long, to put an opportunity in poor Kitty's way. She is just as ready for a promotion as I am in mine."—Helen Emerson Smith, in Demorest's Magazine.

LORD ALBEMARLE'S MEMORY.

His Vivid War Picture of the Battle at Waterloo.

When Lord Albemarle was an old man, living in Portland square, it became a custom for his friends to bring him on the anniversary of Waterloo—among them the prince of Wales, the duke of Cambridge, Mr. Gladstone and Robert Ker Porter, one of the very few surviving officers who could remember that great day; one, moreover, who had gained the good will and respect of all who knew him. This visit of friends to Lord Albemarle grew and grew till it assumed quite the proportions and appearance of a levee. His unassuming, gracious manner of receiving his guests, as gratifying to himself, will long be remembered as the account he has given in his autobiography of his Waterloo recollections is very graphic, although he did not begin to write that book till he was seventy. I have already observed, wonderfully accurate. So clear was the account he gave in his old age of his memorable experience that his daughter and her husband, who were with him, and whose services were able at once to recognize the exact location on the hillside where he had described himself as sleeping soundly, were able to find the long narrow trench in the hillside, the floods of rain having turned the slope where he lay into a very mountain torrent.

What a vivid word picture he has drawn of the battle! He says that the square, largely enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in our present position. Our men were packed so close together in a barrel. Not a bulging a vacant spot. I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the colonel's charger, which, with a nervousness against mine, was snatching my spurs, while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum exploded and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek, a violent hand to my head, but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose exactly between my hand and the colonel's head, and he instantly fell. The blow I received was from the red-bellied cannon on the horse's left—National Review.

A Floral Advertisement.

The Glasgow (Scotland) News has distinguished itself by advertising on a mammoth scale, its Ardenne offering being known far and near as the largest advertisement in the world. It is a world-famous ad! It is situated on a hillside of the city above mentioned, and is in the shape of several beautiful flower beds, the flowers themselves, spelling the words "Glasgow News" in letters that can be plainly read at a distance of four miles. The length of the letter is forty feet, the total length of the line 22 feet, the area covered by the flower letters being 345 feet. The beds are situated so as to be plainly visible from a distance in the most favorable light. The borders of the beds are bordered with white flowers, the center with red and purple. The effect on one unacquainted with the history and object of the curiosity is said to be startling.—Chicago Herald.

Snatch Theft.

An event which caused much stir in the little community was the introduction of gas, by means of a large kind, or cannon coil placed on a carriage of the grade, had been used for lighting purposes. Candles were expensive and their lights feeble, and so to a great extent the Scotch people, in the darkness, for necessity of the day, deeded the use of artificial light to the minimum. An old woman of frugal habits, who had means and appliances superior to her kind, and who rejoiced in the possession of a servant, used to say to the domestic, as the shades of evening began to descend: "The table, as you may pit the lamp on the table, as you may pit the lamp on the table, as you may pit the lamp on the table."—The Scotsman.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Within less than a dozen years the literary world has lost Corliss (1843), George Eliot (1881), Longfellow (1883), Emerson (1882), Matthew Arnold (1888), Browning (1888), Kingsley (1891), Lowell (1891), Walt Whitman (1892), George William Cope (1892), Whittier (1892) and Tennyson (1892).
—Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field has completed an account of the life of his famous brother, Cyrus W. Field, whom John Bright called the modern Columbus. This work, which will appear in a few weeks, will treat particularly of the lying of the Atlantic cable, an undertaking which was probably the most wonderful event since the discovery of America.
—King Humbert of Italy has written a letter in which he asks that the expressed intention of his subjects to gather subscriptions for a gift to himself and the queen on the occasion of their silver wedding in April next shall be changed now, so to have the funds applied to various charitable institutions and objects.
—The mother of the little king of Spain, Queen Maria Christina, is dead. It is said, give practical evidence of her ability on the occasion of a visit to the manufactory of mosaics at Arto, near San Sebastian. In one of the shops the queen requested one of the workmen to let her take his place, upon doing which she very skillfully finished the mosaic which he had commenced.
—Mrs. Martha Anne Rees, the aged negro woman who has gained notoriety for her long life, is now in the hands of Queen Victoria, had been seventy-six for fifty years. She is now seventy-six. When a child she was sold into slavery with twelve brothers and sisters. Her brothers and sisters were sold to light of, but her father managed to buy her liberty and his own, and they went to Liberia.
—Archbishop Corliss is a different man from the one who was once upon subjects pertaining to church matters. The interviewer who does succeed in gaining an audience with the archbishop must, indeed, be very cautious and clever. The archbishop is very ready to have his interviewers always read their notes to him before allowing them to leave. This caution was first caused by errors published during the Chicago conference.
—It was Mr. Whittier's wish that Mr. S. T. Pickett, of Portland, Me., whom he named as his literary executor, should prepare a biography. If there should be any call for an account of his life, Mr. Pickett, who requests that who have letters of the poet, which might prove serviceable in the preparation of a biography, will send them to him. They will be carefully kept and promptly returned.
—Prince Matteo Soltau has had suit brought against him for selling his valuable private gallery outside of Berlin, because he had been under the impression that he had smuggled the pictures across the frontier among the scenery and stage furnishings of the Teatro Quirino, of which he was one of the stockholders. The pictures are now in the hands of the manager in his enterprise. It is doubtful if the pictures will ever be returned, but, at least, the prince will probably have to pay a heavy fine.
—HUMOROUS.
—"I don't think I'll ever marry," said the summer girl. "Why?" "Because then I'd have to quit becoming engaged," said the summer boy.
—"Young Cleopatra," "If it is all over between us I suppose you will return my ring?" "Penelope," "Here it is. I suppose you want to pawn it."—N. Y. Herald.
—She—"Miss Panselbacher is passionately fond of dogs." He—"Then I misunderstood her feelings when she called me a puppy."—Yonkers Statesman.
—Nephew—"Shall we take boxes seats, uncle?" Uncle Josh—"How can't you? If you ain't got the money to pay for a cheer, I'll loan it to ye."—Indianapolis Journal.
—"Have you seen Tom lately?" "Saw him recently a few minutes ago, drinking in a saloon, meeting probably, drinking in eloquence." "Not exactly; he was drinking in the corner saloon."—Boston Transcript.
—"I do not leave me, I am lonely!" This was said vocal lines in the too lengthy programme of our amateur concert, and poor little Tompkins, the tenor, had to sing it, just as the worst audience roared to go—Pleasantville.
—"I have a question to ask you, Mr. Young Cleopatra," "What is it?" "I am thinking of your cigar at all, sir." (Lighting his cigarette with it and returning it.)—"Mush obliged." (Throwing the cigar away.)—"Not at all, sir."—Inter-Ocean.
—"At the Boarding House," "Hashback!" "Mary." "Waitress—Yes, sir." "Hashback!" "Take back this cup and bring me something to eat." "Mary—" "What will you have, omelette or tea?" "Hashback!"—"Oh, I am not particular, if it is coffee, give me tea, and if it's tea, give me coffee."—Brooklyn Eagle.
—"I am fully fortified," "Edward," said his family, "you are as fortified as the bedside," "aren't you ashamed to lie there at this hour on Sunday morning?" "Well, my dear," he replied, as he lazily opened one eye and let his head fall back, "I do feel somewhat fortified, but I would sleep if I did not get back from church."

The Herald.

ADVERTISING RATES.
TRANSIENT.
 Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 inch, 12 months	\$7.50
2 inches, "	12.50
3 inches, "	15.00
4 inches, "	18.75
5 inches, "	22.50
6 inches, "	25.00

Address **SPENCER COOPER,**
 Hazel Green, Ky.

Grassy creek had a good log tide on Thursday.

Pay your account today.
H. F. PIERATT & Co.

Eggs are now 12 1/2¢ per dozen, and butter 12 1/2¢ per pound.

J. T. Day left Saturday for Clay City on a short business trip.

Quite an interesting meeting is now in progress at the Christmas church.

Your account is due. Please pay today as we need it.
H. F. PIERATT & Co.

The splash dam on Gillmore was opened Wednesday morning, and several logs were run out.

Our better-4 returned Friday after a very pleasant visit to relatives and friends at Lexington.

See the advertisement of W. B. Logan, druggist, Winchester, Ky., and call on him when in that city.

A young lady weighing twelve pounds, is on her way to the house of Jonas Vanant, Cumnpton.

Why is it that the town trustees don't enforce the ordinance prohibiting stock from running at large?

Henry L. Godsey, who has been absent in Danville and other places for several weeks, returned home Saturday.

Wednesday was stock sale day in Hazel Green. There was a fairly good crowd in town but no sales of stock reported.

Miss Robinson, the music teacher at the academy, will spend the Christmas holiday with her people at Carlisle, Ky.

Dr. Taubbs reports the wife of Jimmie Elkins as on the sick list, and a son of Capt. Hurst down with pneumonia.

Judge Hobson, of Jackson, was the guest of the Day house Sunday for dinner. He was enroute home from Magefin county.

Rodney Cord will spend his vacation with his parents in Mason county, and to be there in time will leave Saturday, Dec. 24.

Dr. Taubbs was called to Cumnpton on Tuesday to see Mrs. J. W. Vaughn, and again visited her professionally on Thursday.

Green Stamper has a nine-year old son named Floyd Day, who is very fond of reading, and a cash subscriber to THE HERALD.

Frank Tyler informs us that he has rented a shop and dwelling in Jackson, and will move to that place about the first of January.

Robert and Dave Rose took advantage of the tide in Lucy creek Tuesday, and ran out six hundred or more logs for J. T. Day & Co.

Born—To the wife of Nelson Nickell, on Friday, Dec. 2, a 12-pound boy—Eddie Taubbs. Nedie is doing as well as could be expected.

In attempting to jump a branch Wednesday, Willie Swango's leg was hurt and he was seriously injured before it that it is thought she will die.

The assessor is now abroad in the land, and under the new constitution the taxpayer must himself assessed on many things heretofore exempt.

Gus D. Meyer, formerly a drummer who visited this place, last week left creditors at Ashland and elsewhere "in the soup" for \$30,000 or more.

All outstanding notes and accounts must be paid by January 1, 1893, or we will be compelled to bring suit on the same.
H. F. PIERATT & Co.

La Grange-Turner Wedding.

An interesting marriage of a well known Parisian to Kentucky gentleman of high standing and family occurred yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob La Grange, on West Court street. One hundred invitations had been issued and the house was filled with guests when Clarence Reid Turner and his bride, Miss Josephine La Grange, appeared beneath the myrtle canopy to be united as husband and wife. Rev. Charles B. Taylor, of the Methodist church, stood before the young people and in beautiful sentences expressed his lawful functionary privilege in putting asunder all earthly conditions that could disturb the happiness of two happy hearts, and sealed the bond of matrimony in solemn covenant. The bride was prettily dressed in a white satin costume, with square neck and elbow sleeves and exquisitely adorned with trimmings of pearl. All about the piano and tables were magnificent and valuable presents, some sent by those unable to attend. In the evening a delightful reception was held at the home of the groom's sister, Mrs. J. Will Miller, on West Court street. About 150 guests had been invited and it was quite a notable assemblage. During the evening a splendid collation of delicious dishes was served, and it was a joyous and festive bridal party entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Turner left on the noon train Tuesday for Mt. Sterling, Ky., where they will make their future home.—Paris (Ill.) Gazette.

OLD THINGS DONE AWAY.

Our New System of Business.
 To our friends and patrons: As I am determined to wind up my business, I take this method of informing you of my intention. On and after January 1st, 1893, my books will be closed and I will not sell any more goods on time. I expect, however, to keep a first-class stock of goods, which by selling for cash or exchange I can sell you much cheaper than heretofore, and as soon as I dispose of all outstanding debts I expect to quit the goods business at this place.
 Respectfully,
J. M. PIERATT.

Are you going to require my kind of candies for Xmas? If so, give Wolfe a trial. Candies as low as the lowest, from 15¢ to 75¢ per pound. If you are going to visit Lexington, call on me and call on me our stock. All are welcome. We also handle a complete line of fancy boxes, novelties, Christmas tree ornaments. Bread and cakes baked each day. 29 E. Main street, Lexington, Ky. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Last Call and Fair Warning.
 Please bear in mind that after January 1st, 1893, your books will be closed, and we have no one to ask for credit, as we are determined to do a strictly cash business. Please drop in and settle that little note or account you owe us. Respectfully,
H. F. PIERATT & Co.

Otis W. Snyder, the Lexington jeweler, has an advertisement in this issue to which your attention is directed. In addition to a full line of spectacles, silverware, plated-ware, etc., he is just now offering a splendid line of Christmas and holiday goods, and if you need anything of the kind, it will pay you to write to him or call when in that city.

A shooting occurred at Clay City last week between two men named Daniels and Anderson, in which the latter was badly, but not seriously wounded. Daniels was arrested and held to the circuit court under a bond of \$3,000, which he furnished. There is no danger of further trouble.

James Rose, of Grassy creek, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of this section, has been suffering from an affection of the kidneys for some time, but is now able to be about.

Fletcher McGuire and bride returned Saturday from St. Helena, at which place they were royally entertained by the groom's mother. They also met with an occasion here.

If you want a nice present for your wife, daughter, sister, brother, cousin or aunt, or any of your relatives, call on Fred J. Heintz, Lexington, Ky.

STATE NEWS.

Business men are leaving Irvine on account of the high water rate.

Beattyville now has railroad connection with the K. U. by a four-mile road.

Paducah is rapidly forging in the front as the biggest tobacco market in the state.

Two ladies are running for the office of school commissioner in Bourbon county.

Joe McKee, a negro desperado of Danville, was shot and killed at that place on Monday night.

Mat Mulliball was shot by Phil Hendricks, at Lexington, and is in a dangerous condition.

The Kentucky state grange, of which Dr. John D. Clardy is president, met in Louisville Tuesday.

Three negro highwaymen assaulted and robbed two white farmers near Louisville on Monday evening.

While hunting near Raywick, Al Martin accidentally shot Bob Smith, but the wounds are not thought to be fatal.

Robert S. McDonald, of Atlanta, Ga., won the declamatory contest at Georgetown college, a gold medal, Saturday.

Nannie Carson, an 18-year old society leader of Kenon, surprised as well as becoming a mother one day last week.

One year ago the People's party in the first congressional district polled 5,000 votes. This year they polled less than 3,000.

Robert J. Beatty, a citizen of Louisville has just been arrested at that place for poisoning non-union mill men at Homestead, Pa.

On Monday, a new bill providing for a fund for the Kentucky exhibit at the Columbian exhibition, was introduced in the house at Frankfort.

A colored woman of Lexington, locked her two children in a room and went out to work. Fire burned them to death and damaged the house \$500.

By a vote of 181 to 123 Elizabethtown, Ky., Saturday decided that whiskey should be sold within its corporate limits. The town had been "dry" since 1884.

James W. Ringe, a distiller of Clay county, was last week fined \$500 and six months imprisonment in the Covington jail for false returns on whiskey taken out.

Mrs. Malinda Crump, who killed her husband in Carter county last March, was on Monday taken to the Frankfort penitentiary under a sentence of seven years.

The county court of Fayette authorized an expenditure of \$10,000 to repair the new jail at Lexington, but the grand jury thought it unwise and revoked the order.

Albert Colley, a young farmer near Mayfield, Ky., was found dead in a house of filreptic, shot through the heart. Dan Sherrill, a negro, was arrested for the murder.

Judge Anderson, of Graves county writes to the courier journal that on the event \$100,000 is raised by private subscription, for the world's fair, he can raise \$1,000 in his county.

It is said that there will be a great development of the oil regions of Wayne and Cumberland counties the coming spring. Developments have been made in the last few weeks that astound the most sanguine friends of those enterprises.

Campton Currency.
 CAMPTON, Ky., Dec. 12.—Died—of typhoid fever, on Friday, Evie, little daughter of Jonathan Carroll. The remains were brought to this place Sunday evening, and was taken to Rour Ben Monday, to be interred in the family burying ground.

J. C. Lickins and son Gus, left Tuesday for South Carolina, to visit relatives and attend to some business.

Miss Sore Morphy returned Saturday from a short visit to her home on Blackwater, accompanied by her sister Luella and her cousin Miss Henry.

Miss Josie Stamper, of Lee county, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. J. N. Vaughn is still in a very critical condition.

J. N. Vaughn has been confined to his room for some time with inflammatory rheumatism.

H. H. Stamper, Jr., who has been very ill for some time, is thought to be slowly improving.

A Settled Fact.
 Mr. Harry S. Morgan, a prominent breeder at Silver Creek, Ky., writes under date of Nov. 25th as follows: Allow me to say that Quinn's Ointment is beyond a doubt the best and most palatable preparation on the market for removing either hard or soft enlargements on horses. I have used it with the most gratifying results. My advice to all horsemen is this, buy a bottle of Quinn's Ointment and fully carry out the directions and you will be convinced by its marvelous results that it is second to none. It is a settled fact that the leading breeders and horsemen throughout the United States are using Quinn's Ointment with the greatest success. For nicks, splints, navels, windpuffs, and all blemishes it has no equal. Trial box 25 cents, silver or stamp. Regular size \$1.50 delivered. Address W. B. Eddy & Co., Whitehall, N. Y., unless you can obtain from your druggist. For sale by Rose & Jones.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

ROSE & JONES,
 HAZEL GREEN, KY.
 Are now receiving the finest line of Christmas and holiday goods ever seen in this section. When you get ready for anything of the kind—and the time is right now—remember that Rose & Jones, of Hazel Green, is headquarters for

CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY GOODS!

SHERIFF'S SALE FOR TAXES.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff of Wolfe county for the years 1889, 1890, 1891 and 1892, I, or one of my deputies, will on

MONDAY, JANUARY 2d, 1893,

between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock P. M., at the Court House door in Campton, Wolfe county, Ky., be selling certain real estate, to public sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of the taxes due as aforesaid and costs), to-wit:

NAME.	Acres.	ADJUDG.	YEARS.	DIR.	AMT.
Boyd, Martha (of col.)	50	London, Ga.	1890, '91, '92	2	85.30
Brewer, Jeremiah	80	H. H. Little	1890 and '92	2	10.98
Bush, Ambrose	118	Squire Pass Bush	1892	4	6.15
Rankins, James	41	McKinley Sewell	1892	5	3.81
Campbell, William	160	H. C. Campbell	1891 and '92	3	18.20
Chambers, W. H.	135	San Swango	1892	6	16.34
Chambers, J. D.	86	W. H. Chambers	'89, '90, '91	6	17.74
Elkhorn Lumber Co.	107	J. B. Bush	1892	4	15.61
Foley, Martha	30	Thomas Crutch	'90, '91, '92	1	6.64
Fallen, Oscar Jr.	125	J. H. Gibbs	1890, '91, '92	2	11.01
Hensley's Heirs	160	Francis Selt	1890, '91, '92	1	12.18
Harvey, William	160	William Campbell	1892	10	41.41
Horton, James, T.	110	W. E. White	balance 1891	3	7.83
Kelley, Duran	40	M. C. Spencer	1892	4	5.53
Leah, John	50	Sanborn Swango	1891 and '92	2	15.15
Little, Letha	150	B. Little	'90, '91, '92	2	10.60
Little, Harrison Jr.	80	H. H. Little	1892	2	4.63
McDaniel, John V.	25	Josh Pearce	'80, '90, '91	5	8.24
Metherly, Thomas	25	Hiram Swango	"	6	14.63
Osborn, William	80	W. G. Halsey	1890	2	3.24
Osborn, Nancy	80	W. G. Halsey	1891	2	3.15
Prairie, Oliver W.	60	Abnerly Little	'91, bal. '92	9	9.73
Potter, H. S. C. M.	35	T. D. Lottford	1893	3	57.32
Ponder, John	120	Little Swango	1892	2	11.74
Pygram, Caroline	20	Thomas Crutch	'89, '90, '91, '92	1	5.64
Ringe, W. H.	160	In Hazel Green	'89, '90, '91, '92	2	50.78
Robbins, Thornton	125	W. A. Johnson	1892	5	11.74
Richison, Sarah	35	Jessie McPherson	1892	5	2.80
Schumme, Martha A.	85	M. H. Hooks	'89, '90, '91, '92	3	28.30
Snyder, William	75	Henry McCall	1891 and '92	3	8.24
Sherman, Martha	18	A. A. Horton	1891 and '92	3	7.15
Spencer, James B.	100	Charlotte Drake	1890 and '91	8	13.41
Stacy, Phil T.	40	J. C. Spencer	1891 and '92	3	10.89
Timmins, R. P.	400	Ransom Drake	1890, '91, '92	4	44.47
Tutt, James T.	180	Andy Dunn	1892	6	13.81
Williams, Nancy	40	W. E. White	'89, '90, '91, '92	3	4.67
Williams, Leslie	40	W. E. White	1890	3	4.07
Whisman, C. C.	2 1/2	Amanda Bush	1891 and '92	4	11.62

C. C. HANKS, Sheriff Wolfe County.

Here! Just a Minute!
 If you want something funny,
 For just a little money,
 Or some other things nice
 At a very close price
 Then go and see Carr,
 And you'll find it right there.
 He brought the goods to sell,
 And he keeps them at Ezel.
 And he will sell as low
 As anywhere you go.
 Then patronize a home man
 With all the trade you can.
 Respectfully,
THE LITTLE JEWELER.

ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR
 is easily earned by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. The labor is light and pleasant, and you run no risk whatever. We fit you out complete, so that you can give the business a trial without expense to yourself. For those willing to do a little work, this is the grandest offer made. You can work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, utilize them, and add to your income. — our business will not interfere at all. You will be amazed on the start at the rapidity and ease by which you amass dollar upon dollar, day in and day out. Even beginners are successful from the first hour. Any one can run the business — no capital. You should try utilizing the time you see for yourself what you can do at the business which we offer. This business has been tried by our grand workers; nowadays they make as much as men. They shudder at the thought of being so well adapted to them. Write at once and ask for yourself. Address H. HALL & SONS, 212 So. 3rd, Portland, Me.

ROSE & DeBUSK,
 PRACTICAL
Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.
 HAZEL GREEN, KY.
 Blacksmithing of all kinds solicited and work promptly done. We make a specialty of building 2-horse wagons, and guarantee all work.

NOTICE—All who are indebted to the firm, or either of us for work, must come and settle, and cash or satisfactory terms will be demanded for all work done hereafter. Thanking you for past patronage and for giving a continuance of the same, as ever, respectfully,
ROSE & DeBUSK.

A. HARLAN STAMPER,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 CAMPTON, KY.
 Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

DR. J. F. LOCKHART,
 DENTIST,
 EZZEL, KY.
 The justly celebrated "PAIN EXPELLER" steel pen is sold at this office at 10 cents a dozen, and the best pencil in town, at 5¢ apiece.

Clew That Led to a Big Criminal's Arrest.

The release recently of McDonnell and Hill, who were the accomplices of the famous Blivwell in robbing the bank of England of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has a local interest, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. McDonnell was once in this city, and he will never cease regretting that visit, for it was by his trip to Louisville that he and his partners in that one hundred and fifty thousand dollar transaction were traced and ar-

family by the doors of the jail made behind McInnelli than he sent to for lawyers. He engaged the late Martin Blum and W. L. Jackson, Jr., told them he had plenty of money in New York city. Telegraphic communications with that city showed that was true. His friends sent word spare no expense in getting McInnelli out. The case came up in court today, says the paper, and the cultured lawyer, who had secured his second trial of innocence, was held over for a rather low bond of one thousand dollars. The money was furnished right away and the court issued an order to release the man.

[illegible]

But I said," replied the check-
er. "I want to make a little girl
happy on any food, a present."
"Let me have your present and I
give it to the child," suggested Mr.
McDonnell.

"Well, that will do," was the answer,
and he handed this ten-dollar bill with his
gifts. Tell her Mr. McDonnell
never forget her kindness. I do
not like children. The honest sim-
ple charms me." This is told be-
cause it gives a perfect illustration of
McDonnell's style of generosity.

The two men walked over to Fourth

The Cause of the Alpine Disaster Which Overwhelmed a Part of St. Gervais.

The geologists who have investigated the cause of the great disaster which overwhelmed a part of St. Helens National Volcanic Monument, with ice and water from the great glacier of the Hinnay glacier have solved the mystery. Up the side of the mountain, at the foot of the great glacial wall whose lower part broke away, the explorers found in the ice an oval cavern about 30 feet in diameter and 75 feet in height. In the interior of this cavern the explorers discovered with blocks of ice and loose boulders a gigantic basin with perpendicular walls of ice. It was 45 feet long, 20 feet wide and 149 feet high. In this great cavity there had been an intrusion of lava which, because of its weight and heavy load of water, had finally proved that the cavity had been full of water recently.

The excesses of this great reservoir of unfrozen water inclosed on all sides explains the nature of the immense avalanches that overwhelmed the valley below. The excessive heat of the day, before the disaster had probably increased the quantity of water in the natural reservoir, and the greater pressure broke the front wall, sending away the greater part of the glacier, and permitting the whole of the mass to pour down the mountain, and down the valley below, carrying with it the broken floor of the glacier. The water and ice fell a distance of 3,000 feet down an inclined plane two miles long, and a part of St. Gervais had been overwhelmed almost before anyone heard the roar of the approaching deluge.

This is the only accident due to such a remarkable cause ever known in the Alps. It has been followed, however, by a number of others in the vicinity of the Missoni glacier near Pontresina. A considerable part of this short, steep glacier fell, and although there was no loss of life, the accident drew attention to the fact that the Alps' ice-climbers have recently noticed a thinning of the upper snows which feed the glaciers. They report that not a few of these glaciers have become impassable in the early stages of the season, and that the upper edge of the snows has been overhanging in a remarkable manner. These facts point to an expansion of the upper snow field by great heat, and before the past season was more than half over the thinning was already of this fact, which was doubtless the cause of many avalanches.

A fall of ice from one of the glaciers in the valley of Visp partly destroyed the village of Tösch, near Zermatt. It carried away nearly a quarter of a mile of the highway. The waters of the Viège torrent, swollen by melting snow from the mountains, attacked the stone bed of the Viège-Zermatt railroad and destroyed a large section of the line. For a number of days tourists going to Zermatt were transported on mules around the break. — N. Y. Sun.

Dishonest Bank-Keepers Who Have Been Betrayed by a Murder.

With nearly all expert accountants the fatality of an error is an article of faith. Men who tamper with their books, and who are not careful to have almost always leave some shreds, or traces, of their work which more or less thoughtfulness would avoid. In a notable instance, a man who failed to make a correct record of his work, and who, when he was asked to produce books that bore out exactly every statement he made about his affairs, defied every effort to show an honest record. He was so sure of his work he puzzled over the case for a while he noticed that the books were thoroughly clean and well looking. That was all. He was not at all concerned to show that the entire set had been made with the intent to defraud and the genuine set had been carefully hidden. In another case, a man who had two hundred thousand dollars and according to the books the available assets were less than ten thousand dollars. The "books" were all correct, but the bulk of the first thing an expert noticed was a little ink mark on the leather margin of the ledger binding. Some figures had been crossed with a red and others with a blue pencil.

Plotting paper has often proved to be a dangerous article in card-sharps' hands. The firm was losing heavily where the bookkeeper was concerned, and the bookkeeper, a very honest and unlikeliest fellow, was suspected. An examination was called in and employed entirely as the bookkeeper's assistant. He noticed in the waste-basket in place of plotting paper covered with marks very much alike. He picked it up and looked at it. It was a drawing very much like that of the one he had seen. He discovered that somebody had been practicing the signature of the head of the firm, who signed all checks. A few inquiries at the bank showed that the signature of the bookkeeper had cleverly forged the name of the head of the firm to more than one thousand dollars' worth of checks, which he had subsequently cashed at the bank.

—Waverly Magazine.

Mrs. Hawkins Abroad.
"Did you see Vesuvius, Mrs. Maw-
ne, when you were in Italy?"
"Yes, indeed. We spent a morning
the ruins of Pompey." It must have
been awful when that volcano began
erupting out them ashes and saliva over
lungs."—Judge.

My Lady Spinster's Attitude Toward the

The healthiest attitude for the single woman to assume toward the marriage question is also the happiest. She may and should consider that a true, pure love is the greatest earthly blessing that the Creator has to bestow on her sex—the one gift not lost in Paradise. But to think constantly and with discontent of this one blessing, when for any cause it is either delayed or denied, is the surest possible way to unfit one's self for giving or receiving happiness.

Frankly grant it yourself and to your friends. If you like, that some day you hope to meet a man whom you can love and respect, but let discussion end there. Anything more unconsciously and revolting than cold calculation of possibilities, taking an inventory of the eligible men in one's circle of acquaintance, or deliberately planning to attract or win another by assuming to be what one is not, can hardly be imagined. What true woman could for a moment enjoy that affection which she had deliberately plotted to win by deceit or misrepresentation?

[illegible]

If marriage never comes, if her heart ever responds to any demand for its affection, she may without bitterness regret that for her single life has been better, since it is the one chosen for her. But if she is to marry herself, this married woman who allows herself to live in an atmosphere of nastiness, envy and discontent, because she is not provided with home and husband, can never earn the secret of happy living. If instead of taking a sensible view of the matter, she constantly vents the willow-herb of her discontent, she will never benefit her, she not only hurts herself for constant pain, but for a happy married life, if the opportunity is offered.—HAROLD RAZAR.

In Kinkiang, China, there is a man
who has taken a vow to watch three

lives at his mother's home, during which period he will live entirely in a jail but his neighbors provide for him. He will not wash himself. The man upon which he lies will not be removed, nor will he change his clothes. He speaks to no one, and spends his time in muttering prayers and burning incense. He can not stand upright, and he is but only a few feet longer than himself. He has been there already for seven months, but the place now is sold and he is in a state not very promising for the completion of his watch. If he gets through he expects to receive high honors from the government.—Chicago Tribune.

ing. Social had been in attendance
a social festivity or "function" as he
called it the night before, and the next

"I understand," said the one who had not been there, "that the major sang to the guests at Col. Culpeper's last night."

"Yes," responded the other with a shrug.

"How did he come out?"

"Oh, he didn't come out at all; everybody else did though," and the two students looked at each other in a silence which might have been felt, if the major had been there to feel it.—Detroit Free Press

Counting To the Point.
There are some subjects which, the more they are explained, the more, in myson's phrase, they are "darklier."

A lecturer on theosophy had concluded a long and careful address, and said his attentive audience:

"If there is any question which any of you would like to ask, I shall be pleased to answer it."

"I should like to know, professor, whether anybody has ever discovered a reliable cure for warts."—Youth's opinion.

—The Canada Presbyterian church requires a year's probation from ministers coming from other denominations.

—Water cross contains much sulphur

and is one of the best remedies for scurvy known. It should be eaten raw with salt.

—A remedy for excessive perspiration, to be made into a fine powder and applied to the hands and feet, is sprinkled inside of gloves or stockings, is as follows: Carbolic acid, one part; burnt alum, four parts; starch, two hundred parts; French chalk, fifty parts; oil of lemon, two parts.—Detroit Free Press.

—Bridesmaids of the new wedding will wear dem-t-trafn dresses in Empire style of silk, chiffon, or other elaborate material, and large Gainsborough or Empire hats. The little maids of honor, who go before the bride, are among the most picturesque features of the bridal procession, and are dressed in simple, straight Empire gowns of white, often made with huge sleeves and trimmed with old lace.

—A pretty book-case may be made from a dry-goods box. Get one about the height you wish your case, and fasten shelves at different heights after having sandpapered the case both inside and outside. Then give the whole a coat of cherry or mahogany stain, as preferred. Then hang curtains on brass rods across the front, having them open in the middle. These would be pretty made of alskoline, which comes very cheap.—Horne.

Salmon Croquettes: Remove the skin and bone from a one-pound can of salmon; put one-half half of milk into a double boiler; rub one tablespoon of butter and three tablespoons of flour into this milk; add the sea salt, milk, and the yolk of one egg and wash until you have a thick paste. Sprinkle over the salmon a teaspoonful of salt, a speck of red pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of pepper and a little onion juice. Pour the paste over the salmon and roll it evenly and as close to you as possible. When cold form into the shape of croquettes, dip in egg, then in breadcrumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. — N. Y. Observer.

Latest French Styles in Evening Dresses
for Slender Women.

Modistes just returned from Paris are displaying evening dresses made in the style of the first empire, with low short waist and full flowing skirt. This model is liked by slender young women when it is made of diaphanous silk and blue, white, gray, black, satin or else.

layers of two or three colors, the outside of yellow chiffon over another pink chiffon, or else of pale green over rose-color. (Two of the prettiest empire gowns have a slip of accordion-plated blue satin covered with flowing white silk muslin that is spangled with silver and bordered with two or three bands of blue satin ribbon, on which are small clumps of ribbon.

More stately empire dresses are of black pennie sole in full breadth attached to a little bolero jacket of neoprene with jet. This jacket extends only to the top of the bust, coming straight across under the arms, and leaving the flowing breadths of the skirt, which are gathered, those in front being covered with a tablier of jetted net, while the back hangs in a round Watteau plait. To fill out the neck of the low bolero is a yoke of white guipure lace left transparent next the flesh, with a high wide collar of the flowing tulle draped over the neck like an old-fashioned stock.

The sleeves have a balloon puff of the pennie sole above close transparent sleeves of white guipure. A narrow band of jet edges the skirt—Harper's Bazaar.

fine gilt group is one of the most fashionable garnitures, especially for the trimming of cloth dresses. This

may be hatched with a triple cord, which is usually enough to garnish the hem of the skirt—*as well as a narrower dress—note the difference.* Flounces, fashioned, straight, fluted, flat, double, triple, or single, are also made to seem on many fashionable garments. Little flecks of silk or velvet, or a single piped cord, or a single calico cord, are also used, but that come by the yard ready made for use, rolls, braidings of the dress-makers, and fringed or pinked ruches continue to be in great use to trim the bottom of dress-skirts. Very few wide flouncings appear on autumn skirts. Many of the new jet garnitures are embellished with velvet knots, loops and bows, or are mingled with silk crochets, beads or brilliant iridescent beads.—N.

Something New for the Door.
The revival of an old idea is the reiteration of the face of the large door-knob. The old-fashioned, square knob, standing about twenty or thirty inches high, with the dial in the upper portion, usually has a glass in the lower part of the door. This glass is the field of decoration in this line.

Flowers, vines, bit of landscape or any approved design may be done on the glass plate, which is then set into the frame and securely fastened. It is unnecessary to note that the hinges of the door are strong and well set. Many of the old knobs have hinges which are merely tiny staples imbedded. These will not do. A heavier hinge must be

The glass over the clock-dial is decorated in the corners with small designs. These must not, however, interfere with the clear view of the Roman numerals on the face of the clock.—N. Y. Ledger.

CINCINNATI'S NEW PAPER.

It Will Be Called The Tribune, Will Sell for Two Cents, and Speak for Southern Interests.

The new morning paper for Cincinnati is a certainty. One of the strongest companies ever organized in Cincinnati for any purpose is back of it. The list of stockholders comprises nearly one hundred of the leading business men of that city. The capital stock is \$200,000. Its directors are, Archer Brown, President; Stephen H. Wilder, Treasurer; Albert Lawson, Secretary; James N. Gamble, Aaron A. Foris, James J. Hodder, Alexander Officer, Albert Erkenbrecher.

The Tribune (which is to be the name of the new paper) will occupy one of the handsomest buildings in the city, on Main street, directly opposite the post-office. Hoe & Co. of New York, are working on the finest equipment for it ever ordered from Cincinnati. The Tribune will be entirely free from sensationalism of every kind, and most popular paper in Ohio valley. It will be independent Republican in politics, and will sell for two cents. Albert Lawson, late with the St. Louis Republic, will be The Tribune's managing editor, and Charles H. Scott, late with the Chicago Herald, will be its business manager. The Tribune will make its appearance about the holidays. The owners purpose giving special attention to the industrial and commercial interests of the south, in which the merchants of Cincinnati have a deep interest, notwithstanding the contrary tone of some Cincinnati journals. The price of The Tribune by mail will be 50 cents per month or \$5.00 per year.

According to the terms of Jay Gould's will his son George gets \$5,000,000 for twelve years' service, and the balance of the estate is divided equally among his six children.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the Sunday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by Rose & Jones.

Since the coal mines at the Kansas State penitentiary were opened, 13,971,000 pounds have been taken out, which represents at least three-fourths of a million dollars.

When on a visit to Iowa, Mr. K. Dalton, of Lunny, Russell county, Kansas, called at the Laboratory of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, to show them his six-year old boy, whose life had been saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it having cured him of a very severe attack of croup. Mr. Dalton is certain that it saved his boy's life and is enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy. For sale by Rose & Jones.

A severe blizzard was reported in Kansas and Nebraska last week. Railroad trains were blockaded by heavy snow drifts, and traffic was entirely suspended.

Migraine, the only permanent cure for all forms of headache and neuralgia, relieves the pain in from 15 to 20 minutes. For sale on positive guarantee at THE HERALD office, or sent postpaid by mail upon receipt of price; 50 cents a box.

The Tam O'Shaunter inn at Ayr, famous wherever the verse of Robert Burns is read, was recently sold at auction, after brisk bidding, for about \$10,000.

Lane's Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

Coughing leads to consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

School-teachers at Superior, Wis., are on a strike.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning Catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

A carefully tanned deer hide, in a fair state of preservation, was found in the center of an old oak tree, which was lately felled at Pulaskee, Ind.

The fee for registering letters and packages will be reduced to eight cents after January 1st.

The Wheelstock Democrat now comes to us in a brand new briefer dress, which gives it a neat and much improved appearance. And by the way, we have just put on some new fine primer clothes.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than a flannel bandage, dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will nearly always effect a cure in one night's time. This remedy is also a favorite for rheumatism and has cured many very severe cases. 50 cent bottles for sale by Rose & Jones.

Want the "Dear Old Herald." Dow City, Iowa, Dec. 6, 1892.—SPENCER COOPER—Dear Sir: As I have just returned from Lucas, Kansas, where I have been visiting my brother, Green Ohair and family, that I had not seen for over thirty-one years. I had a nice time, saw a fine country and was well pleased with my trip, and my prayer is that God may spare our lives until next September that we may meet at the old homestead on Laurel creek, Ky., and have a reunion once more in life.

Mr. Cooper, you will find \$1.00 enclosed for the HAZEL GREEN HERALD one year.

MRS. EVA BAKER.

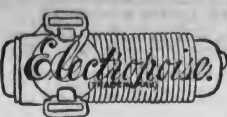
PEARL, TEXAS, Dec. 3, 1892.—SPENCER COOPER—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed \$1.00, for which you will please send me the dear old HERALD one year. And you will please change my address from Pearl to Gatesville, TEXAS. Yours truly, T. J. SPENCER.

BOWEN, POWELL CO., KY., Dec. 9, 1892.—SPENCER COOPER—Dear Sir: Herewith we enclose our check for \$1.00 for renewal of our subscription to THE HERALD for one year. Yours very truly, THOS. A. COMBS & CO.

A prominent gentleman from the territory of New Mexico tells of fearful suffering among the cattle of the drought-stricken district, and says 75,000 to 100,000 head of cattle have died from starvation and lack of water.

The Toledo Weekly Blade.

The most popular and best known weekly newspaper printed in this country is the Toledo Blade. For more than twenty years it has had a circulation of 100,000 to 200,000, going regularly into every state and territory of the Union. From fifteen to twenty-five tons of print paper is consumed in each week's edition, and it is regularly mailed to more than half the postoffices of the United States. It is a peculiar fact that the Blade is the only weekly newspaper published that has regular subscribers in all parts of the United States. It is edited with special reference to the wants of all people in all sections. It is also made to interest every member of the family. Besides all the news of the world, it has serial and short stories, wit and humor, poetry, camp-fire, farm, Sunday school lessons, young folks, poultry, puzzles, household, answers to correspondents, etc. As a special feature for 1893, Mr. Robinson Locke, editor and proprietor of the Blade, has just sailed for Japan, and will contribute a series of illustrated letters on the manners and customs of that peculiar country and its people. These articles will be commenced some time in February or March, and will be worth more to the readers of the Blade many times the subscription price. Every reader of this paper is invited to send for a specimen copy. The publishers of the Blade would be glad to send a specimen copy to every reader in this country. Subscription price of the Blade, one dollar a year. Five dollars in cash will be paid to any person sending in a small club of subscribers. Write for agents' terms, giving particulars. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Both THE HERALD and the Blade \$1.75 a year.



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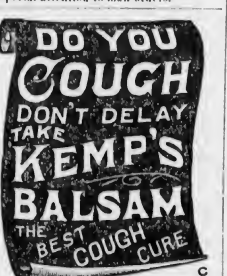


LAN'S MEDICINE. All druggists sell it at 50c. and \$1.00 a package. If you cannot get it send your address for free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Write to us for circulars and testimonials from the best people all over the country.

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